

CHAOS









RENSSELAER



HIGH SCHOOL



The Editor wishes to thank all who have in any way contributed to the making of the 1916 "Chaos." Especially does he wish to thank Mr. Harry Parker, photographer; Mr. Knight M. Stemler, representative of the engraving company, and Mr. W. F. Kratli, who took many pictures for us. May this book be indeed a faithful record of four years of helpful work and happy diversion. May it recall in after years memories of the delightful associations among the students and teachers in dear old R. V. S.

To Mr. J. Ira Coe,
who during four years as instructor and
companion, has endeared himself
to us, we respectfully
dedicate this
book

RENSSELAER, INDIANA



MR. J. IRA COE
Professor of Agriculture

Board of Education

GEORGE A. WILLIAMS
Treasurer

ARTHUR H. HOPKINS
Secretary

DR. ARTHUR R. KRESLER
President

Rensselaer High School



It was Thanksgiving time, four years ago, when we moved into our new building, and a time for thanksgiving it has proven. A modern, hygienic and well-equipped school building is one essential to successful school work. Our building stands high in school architecture.

The building has a large basement, and two stories. The basement contains the manual training department, the gymnasium and the toilet room.

On the first floor are the class rooms, the office and the assembly. The assembly is perhaps the finest feature of the entire building. It occupies practically the entire northern side of the first floor, affording easy and quick passage to and from the class rooms across the hall. The northern wall of the assembly is constructed of three large windows through which plenty of good sunshine, air and light filter in. The assembly is fitted with a stage which is in constant use by the various student organizations.

The laboratories of the physics, chemistry and agriculture-botany departments are on the second floor. There are several vacant rooms in this story also, which are ready to receive proper equipment when the increase in enrollment shall demand it.

The school is well equipped with electric light, sanitary drinking fountains, comfortable and correct desks and seats, maps, laboratory materials and suitable artistic decorations.

The cost of the building was \$30,000.



C. R. DEAN
Superintendent of City Schools

RENSSELAER, INDIANA



W. F. KRATLI
Principal of High School

Faculty



L. WAIVE MALLORY
Mathematics

J. A. SWINDLER
Science

HARRIET E. SHEDD
German

RICHARD A. RICE
Commercial

L. EMORY WASS
Manual Training

GRACE E. STOVER
Music

C. R. DEAN
Superintendent

GRACE M. NORRIS
Latin

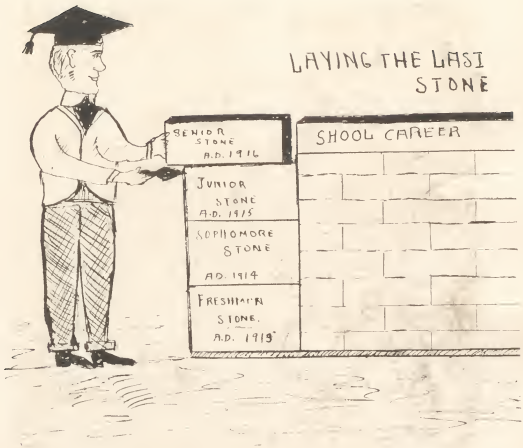
SELMA E. LEOPOLD
English

J. IRA COE
Agriculture

ANNA M. HARMON
History

W. F. KRATLI
Principal

MABEL C. ATWOOD
Domestic Science



THE CLASSES

Seniors

COLORS
Purple and White

FLOWER
Violet

MOTTO
I think: therefore I am
(*Puto Itaque Sum*)

RENSELAER, INDIANA



ROBERT R. REEVE

Webster Lit.

Class President 1-3; Class Treasurer 2; Debating Team 2-4; Finance Committee 3; State Discussion 4; Operetta 4; Senior Play 4.

Senior Class President

"A leader of men, and what is more, always in the direction of what he thinks is right."

VICTORIA KATHLEEN MARSH

Webster Lit.

Asst. Literary Editor "Chaos" 4.

Senior Class Vice-President

"These meek maids are often most dangerous to the masculine heart."

MARION FRANCES MEADER

Webster Lit.

Senior Class Secretary

"Dignity and Reserve are two graces she possesses."

LUCILLE LUERS

Lincoln Lit.

Class Secretary 1-2-3; Vice-President Lincoln Lit. 4; Operetta 2-4.

Senior Class Treasurer

"I would be friends with you and have your love."



**ORPHIA HACKLEMAN
GANT**

Lincoln Lit.

Football 2-3-4; Basketball 4; President Lincoln Lit. 4; Debating Team 4.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

MARIE LOGAN

Lincoln Lit.

First and last year in R. H. S.

"Maid in America."

**EMMET L. HOLLINGS-
WORTH, JR.**

Lincoln Lit.

Baseball 3; Football 4; Senior Play 4.

"A man who knows there's a way and finds it."

LEILA PAULUS

Webster Lit.

Refreshment Com. Junior Prom. 3.

"Modest Simplicity is a Virtue of women."

RENSSELAER, INDIANA



DORIS AGATHA MORLAN

Webster Lit.

Capt. Girls B. B. Team 3.

"She uses words to designate thought, and sometimes to show the absense of it."

H. ARCHIE LEE

Lincoln Lit.

"They say best men are molded out of faults."

J. ELVYN ALLMAN

Lincoln Lit.

Debating Team 2; H. S. Male Quartet 2-3-4; Operetta 2-4; Lincoln Program Com. 3; President Lincoln Lit. 3; Editor-in-Chief "Chaos" 4.

"Ye Editor."

MARGUERITE OLIVIA NORRIS

Lincoln Lit.

Chm. Lincoln Program Com. 4.

"Thy voice is heard through rolling drums."



C. ROSS LAKIN

Webster Lit.

Football 3-4; Asst. Football Capt. 4; Track 3-4; Track Capt. 4; Pres. Athletic Association 4; Senior Play 4.

"Duke of Parr."

"His radiant smile and cheery manner counteract our sorrow."

BERNICE GERTRUDE YEOMAN

Lincoln Lit.

"Quiet in appearance with motives unknown."

PAUL J. HEALY

Webster Lit.

H. S. Orchestra; Sergeant-at-Arms Webster Lit. 4; Vice-Pres. Class 2; Vice-Pres. Athletic Assn. 4; Baseball 3; Basketball 3-4; Basketball Capt. 4.

"O, noble jester, what would life be without your sunny disposition?"

"Naughty little red-head (stone-age stuff)."

ELIZABTH EMILY YEOMAN

Webster Lit.

"The men don't appeal to me at all."



MAUDE M. ELDER

Webster Lit.

Program Com. Webster Lit. 4;
Finance Com. 4; Sec. Webster Lit.
4; Senior Play 4.

"Strong and determined both in
mind and in tongue."

ELSIE BENSON

Webster Lit.

First and last year in R. H. S.

"Given to soft and gentle speech."

SENIA BENSON

Webster Lit.

First and last year in R. H. S.

"Must I be called shy because I'm
modest?"

LEOTA A. DIRST

Lincoln Lit.

First and last year in R. H. S.

"Who deserves well needs not an-
other's praise."



FLORENCE L. MCKAY

Lincoln Lit.

Senior Play 4.

"Always laugh when you can—
it's cheap medicine.

CARL F. EIGELSBACH

Webster Lit.

Class Pres. 2; Pres. Webster Lit. 3;
Football 2-3-4; Capt. Football 4;
Basketball 3-4; Baseball 3; Athletic
Editor "Chaos" 4; H. S. Male Quar-
tet 3-4; Senior Play 4.

"Small things are not small if
great things come of them."

RAY FIDLER

Lincoln Lit.

H. S. News Reporter 4.

"Silence is the badge of a true
student."

VERA V. HEALEY

Lincoln Lit.

Girls B. B. 1-2-3; Sec. Lincoln Lit. 4.

"She is more than over shoes in
love, a victim to that malady."

"Gee, but I like to be sarcastic."

RENSELAER, INDIANA



FRANK HILL, JR.

Lincoln Lit.

President Lincoln Lit. 4 (resigned).

"Swapping horses is only one kind of a stock exchange."

MARGARET JANE
BABCOCK

Webster Lit.

"Naughty but nice."

HELEN IRENE
LEATHERMAN

Webster Lit.

Class Historian 2-3; Chm. Webster Program Com. 4; Literary Editor "Chaos" 4.

"Thy voice is sweet, as if it took its music from thy face."

GWENDOLYN KANNAL

Lincoln Lit.

Class Treasurer 1-2-3; Senior Play 4; Daily Calender Editor "Chaos" 4.

"An intellect of highest worth,
A heart of purest gold."



EVELYN ALDINE
FREELAND
Webster Lit.

Class Historian 4; Senior Play 4.

"A good conscience makes a joyful countenance."

HARVEY PHILLIPS
Webster Lit.

Football 1-2-3-4; Track 4.

"He's considered a wit in his own home town, but he's far, far from home." (Apologies.)

MABEL WORLAND
Lincoln Lit.

"She is little, but she's wise,
She's a terror for her size."

History of Class of 1916

In the balmy days of Autumn, 1912, we, the members of the present graduating class, entered these halls of learning. We were strangers to each other, strangers in strange surroundings, gathered from far and near, but it was here in Rensselaer and in this institution that we cast our lots, for weal or woe, for the purpose of learning the wonderful arts and sciences of our chosen courses.

Then it was that we became the inhabitants of the "old building" and here for a time we had to bear the taunts of our "superiors," the upper-classmen, but only for a short time as they soon learned that we were no weaklings.

We fretted at our slow beginnings and could not understand why we were not jabbering Latin and German with the true foreign accents in a few weeks. Ah, those first few weeks until our first vacation, how many of our rose tinted dreams were shattered in that time.

Our short vacation passed and with it passed the "old building," for R. H. S. moved into its new home across the street, an event which was held in joyous anticipation by every member of the class.

Winter came and went and the latter part of the year passed very much as did the first until one day, almost before we realized it, the curtain dropped upon the last scene of our Freshman year and we were Freshmen no longer.

The following September found us again together. To be sure some new faces were among us now, filling the places of those who had dropped out, but we were joyful in our welcome to each other and another year as schoolmates.

This year brought some changes in the faculty, Mr. Dean who had successfully guided us through our Freshman year became the city school superintendent, and Mr. Sharp, the Chemistry teacher, became our principal. For the first few weeks we took especial delight in watching "the little Freshies" wander aimlessly up and down the hall. Forgetting that only one short year had passed since we occupied the same position.

Soon we began to feel of more importance and the seeds of talent began to grow. Some took active part in athletics, while others began to develop oratorical and literary abilities.

To break the monotony of the school routine, about the middle of October we gave a class party at the home of Robert Reeve. A very pleasant evening was spent by all in attendance, and we judged by the hilarity going on outside, the rest of the high school enjoyed themselves also.

School moved quietly along with us until the upper-classmen were all planning their elaborate festivities and we decided to celebrate the fact that in a few days we would be Juniors, so we gave another class party, this time at Margaret Babcock's, and as before hilarity reigned supreme on the outside while we had a very enjoyable time within.

There were just twenty-eight of us now that began our work as Juniors. At this time we took up the more complicated forms of work and perhaps this was the busiest year of our high school life.

This was to be a never-to-be-forgotten period in our lives, for at the Senior reception in February we made our first bow in the real social life of school.

Then on the evening of June the second, we felt that we had reached

the highest pinnacle of social perfection when we successfully entertained about one hundred invited guests, including the Seniors, at a reception given at the Armory.

Thus passed our Junior year.

Senior, how hard we worked to gain that title, yet having gained it we could not repress a slight feeling of regret that this was the last year of our happy high school life; then too, we missed the pleasant leadership of Mr. Sharp, our former principal, who had grown dear to the heart of every member of the class.

This year several new members from nearby towns joined our class and strove with us to make the class one to be long remembered in the history of R. H. S.

So it is—uneventful are the annals of our class until the closing days. Work, some worry, success and disappointments, days of anxious waiting, days when all seemed wrong, seemingly times when all was useless, but let us remember the good and forget the evil, remember only our friendships and forget our petty differences, just now—for the last time—let us be one united body.

And now, as we separate, perhaps never to meet and clasp hands as a class, on this earth, let each of us depart to his work, in friendship and good fellowship that will be everlasting. May each one remember our high school days as one bright spot on the shores of time.

Evelyn Freeland



Juniors

COLORS
Pink and Green

FLOWER
Pink Rose

MOTTO
Ad Astra Per Aspera



ROBERT B. LOY

Webster Lit.

Class Treas. 1-2; H. S. Orchestra 1; Football 2; Baseball 2; Asst. Capt Basketball 3; Track 3; Operetta 3; Junior Mgr. Circus 3.

Junior Class President

"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth."

RUTH WOOD

Lincoln Lit.

Class Pres. 1; H. S. Girls' Quartet 2-3; Athletic Com. 2; "Chaos" Reporter 2; High School Orchestra 2; Program Com. Lincoln Lit. 2; Finance Com. 3; Student Activities Editor "Chaos," 3.

Junior Class Vice-President

"Nobody would suppose it, but I am naturally oasnful."

LULA BARBARA HAWORTH

Webster Lit.

Junior Class Secretary

"Yes, I'm smart; if my grades don't suit me I make the professors change them."

MINNIE WAYMIRE

Webster Lit.

Junior Class Secretary

"An excellent young woman and modest."



CORNELIA DOROTHY
LEONARD

Lincoln Lit.

First Year in R. H. S.

"What would we do for music if
it wasn't for our Dorothy?"
"Innocence is divine."

HARRIETT OVERTON

Lincoln Lit.

"Her nature is too modest for this
world."

GRAVALOUS J. HANSSON

Webster Lit.

Football 3; "Ficual Culture" (what-
ever that is).

"I will extinguish myself as a
literary light." He did.

HARVEY SNOW

Webster Lit.

"Indifferent to the ladies."



BEATRICE CLIFT

Lincoln Lit.

Married to Mr. Noble H. York April 8, 1916.

The Editor and Staff wish her and Mr. York a very happy and prosperous married life.

MAYME BEVER

Lincoln Lit.

"She would stop St. Peter's roll call to ask a question."

PAUL H. PARKISON

Webster Lit.

"Of course I just like everyone; That's way everyone likes me."

HARRY C. MOORE

Lincoln Lit.

Vice-Pres. Class 1; Football 1-2-3; Capt.-Elect Football; Class Pres. 2; Baseball 2; Track 3.

"Believe me, kid, I study."

RENSELAER, INDIANA



SETH REED

Webster Lit.

"Blesings on thee, little man."

WAIVE NELSON

Lincoln Lit.

"She looks as clear as morning lilies washed in dew."

J. FRENCH CROOKS

Lincoln Lit.

Football 2-3; Asst. Capt.-Elect Basketball 3; Track 2-3; Capt.-Elect Track Team; Business Mgr. "Chaos."

"I always had a capacity for business anyway."

MARY COMER

Lincoln Lit.

"She has not a single redeeming defect."

"As sweet and pure as the whitest lily."



LENOA KOHLOFF

Webster Lit.

"Just being happy is a fine thing."

HOWARD YORK

Lincoln Lit.

"I rejoice in a well-developed(?)
faculty for bluffing."

DALE E. THURLOW

Webster Lit.

"I dare to do all that may become a
man; who dares more is none."

MARTHA ELIZABETH
CAINE

Webster Lit.

"I am as sharp as a tack; therefore
do not sit on me."



DWIGHT S. CURNICK

Webster Lit.

Football 2-3; Basketball 2-3; H. S. Male Quartet 2-3; Debating Team 1-3; 10th District Representative State Discussion League 1; Vice-Pres. Webster Lit. 2; Pres. Webster Lit. 3; Operetta 1.

"Love is like the measles; we all have to go through it."

HERSCHEL MARIE
COLLINS

Lincoln Lit.

"The beginnings of all things are small."

DANIEL GUILD

Lincoln Lit.

Basketball 3; Basketball Capt.-Elect.

"A steady lad of sterling qualities."

MARY ANN WAGNER

Webster Lit.

"My looks belie me; I'm really very cheerfull."



WILDA LITTLEFIELD

Webster Lit.

Class Secretary 1-2-3; Sec. Webster Lit. 3; Vice-Pres. Webster Lit. 3; H. S. Girls' Quartet 1-2-3; Mixed Quartet 3.

"Those eyes of brown smile constantly, as if they in discreetness kept the secret of a happy dream she did not care to speak."

JAMES E. BARBER

Webster Lit.

"Boys, take a chance—Columbus did."

WILLIAM EISLE

Lincoln Lit.

"With just enough learning to misquote."

MARJORIE VANATTA

Webster Lit.

Class Historian 3.

"A wilderness of sweets."

The Junior Class

They were everywhere—crowds, throngs! They were admitted to be very green, many were yellow with fear. The combination was a deep blue. Fear! Fear of what? Why, of the Seniors, of course, those overwhelming exalted Seniors. There were sixty of us "Freshies" of 1913—each one a perfect bud of young manhood and young womanhood.

As perfect buds, we naturally wished to attain matchless fullbloom; we fostered many grave and great ambitions. As the first step in the pursuit of perfection we elected Ruth Wood president of the class. Owing to a sudden slump of class spirit in some of our worthy members, little was done to preserve the reputation of which we were so proud. We did manage to have a class party which was given at the home of Maude Day.

So we passed through the first year of our high school career, enduring the taunts of our "elders and betters" and struggling valiantly to win the battle. A few dropped by the wayside, but the greater number passed out from this Pariahdom to a respected state—Sophomoredom.

The following year found us classed as Sophomores with the double prerogative of sneering at the Incoming Undesirables and of occupying seats farther over toward the north side of the assembly. We took much delight in this new state of affairs. Having now no use for the mysteries of butterflies and chickens, we were initiated into the labyrinthine intricacies of ancient history and geometry. I'll never forgive our "math" teacher for telling me that most planes were "on the level." Nobody found them so!

Under the leadership of our president, Harry Moore, it was decided to hold a class party at the home of Gravalous Hansson. Each member was assessed a quarter. But Oh! for that quarter! What we had anticipated to be but a molehill of expense proved to be a mountain! A few did not attend the party, and no amount of persuasion could change their views. Somehow the dreadful debts were paid. Everyone who attended declared it to be the best party ever given by our class.

A few more Sophomores dropped by the wayside; one was launched upon the sea of matrimony; several were said to be in love. So passed our eventful and happy year with its few sorrows and many joys. We were soon to be named Juniors.

The September of 1915 found us happy and superior Juniors, worrying over our schedule and Mr. Swindler, who was our new principal. After we settled the former, the latter settled us.

We had not forgotten our pristine desire to preserve a good reputation. We had hopes of redeeming ourselves by giving a good Junior reception. Robert Loy, our new president, was in favor of this. All our hopes were centered in it. Alas! "The plans of mice and men gang aft agley." Our plans were dashed to the ground at the beginning of the second semester. Circumstances arose which made it impossible for the Senior Reception, at which we were to be the honored guests, to be given. This was a blow, indeed.

As for us, all we could do was to lament our fate and have our pictures taken for the Chaos. Great comfort, indeed! What events the future will map out for our checkered career remains to be seen. Thereafter, someone else will pronounce our "post obitus."

Marjorie VanAtta.

Sophomores



HARRY McCOLLY

President

HELEN PARKINSON

Vice-President

ELIZABETH KING

Treasurer

WALTER KING

Secretary

COLORS

Old Gold and Black

FLOWER

Brown-eyed Susan

MOTTO

Loyalty

Sophomore Roll



Lenore Carr
Paul Beam
Nora Daugherty
Eva Hurley
Elizabeth King
Robert Blue
Russell Clarke
Inez Kiplinger
Jackson Freeland
Leonard Gourley
Esther Karr
Charles Halleck
Bernice Long
Valrie Hill
Thelma Martindale
George Hoover

Irene McAleer
Ray Iliff
Mabel Nelson
Worth Johnson
William Wasson
Harold Weiss
Meta Oglesby
Walter King
Helen Parkinson
Harry McColly
Lila Peek
Lawrence McLain
Linnie Bird Raines
Orie Potts
Opal Robinson

Edwin Rhoades
Mildred Rush
Jay Dee Roth
Alice Thomas
Harold Sage
Thelma Tilton
Walter Schultz
Hattie Waymire
Merrill Simmons
Marie Wegging
Leonard Swaim
Faustine West
William Tilton
Elizabeth Witham
Stuart Warren

Sophomore Class History

The first Monday in September, 1914, was the beginning of our high school career. We had been looking forward to this since the last day we were "eighth graders," but now that the day had come, we did not feel quite sure of ourselves. Most of us waited outside the door until some one of our fellow-classmen should come along, as we did not think we could bear the torment single handed, in case we should get in the wrong room.

While we were "Freshies," we learned that x and y are unknown quantities. We also learned to raise corn in sawdust. We enjoyed this work so thoroughly (?) that Mr. Coe told us we would have an after-school session until five o'clock, one day.

Yes, of course, we had a class meeting. We elected our officers, and Paul Beam was our first president. After a fierce discussion between "Tango and Green" or "Old Gold and Black," we finally chose the latter. Then we were ready for a party, which we held in the gymnasium.

I must not neglect to mention the fact that, owing to our brilliant color, we were given an afternoon to show our greenness on the high school platform. This day will long be remembered in the history of the school as a red letter day. It was called "Green Day," in honor of the Freshmen, you know.

But the Freshman days drew to a close and now we are Sophomores. Strange to say, we did not feel the sudden change of atmosphere when we moved a step higher on the ladder of High School Learning, and occupied the seats next to the Juniors. But then we were "Sophies," anyway, and we thought we were privileged characters. We had a class meeting in which we elected Harry McColly president. We had a class party, too, this time out at Carr's. The days of stealing refreshments were over and we enjoyed the party all to ourselves, in company with a few most honored members of the faculty.

As Sophomores, we had to get used to two new principals, learning several new rules in each case. We have also learned that we can not get knowledge on the flowery paths of ease, but we hope that some day through hard work on our part and patience on the part of our dear teachers, we will graduate as one of the best classes in the history of "Dear Old R. H. S."

Thelma Tilton.



Freshman



BASIL DUNLAP

President

WILLARD ZEA

Secretary

EDNA REED

Vice-President

ANNETTA HANSSON

Treasurer

COLORS

White and Gold

FLOWER

White Carnation

MOTTO

We are rowing; not drifting

The Psalm of the Freshmen

(With apologies to Mr. Longfellow.)

Tell me not in gladsome numbers,
Freshmen's life's a pleasant dream,
For Freshmen snubbed by all the Seniors
High School life's not what it seems.

Here, life is real! Life is earnest!
And to be Seniors is our aim;
Green we art and green remaineth,
Yet no one is to blame.

Not enjoyment and not pleasure
Is our destined end and way,
But act as if we liked it
When we know we have to stay.

Time is long and will be longer
Till we reach our longed-for goal;
And our little brains grow stronger
As encouragement fills our soul.

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We can make our lives "sublime,"
And by "kicking" leave behind us
Memories of this strenuous time.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Freshman life we will abolish
At, we hope, an early date.

Freshman Roll



Mary Bachman
Earnest Abbott
Kathryn Chamberlain
Frank Babcock
Jeanette Crooks
Alfred Barden
Louise Dahncke
Virgil Becker
Olive Ellsworth
Edwin Brusnahan
Frances Folger
Jay Collins
Pauline Gilbranson
Leland Collins
Lois Ham
George Daugherty
Annetta Hansson
Basil Dunlap
Ivah Healy
Clark Short
Ethel Holmes
John Dunlap
Sophia Hudson
Clifford Elder

Ora Kepner
Lily Price
Marquis Peek
Flossie Randle
Lester Gorham
Lucille Knox
Walter Haworth
Esther Kruse
Newell Hays
Lucy Mauck
Floyd Hemphill
Jennie McElfresh
John Hudson
Bessie Moore
Leo Hurley
Madeline Moore
Wesley Hurley
Marie Moore
Wade Jarrette
John Kerschner
Herald Littlefield
Ruth Murphy
William McElfresh
Vera Nevill

Jack Miller
Iva Poole
Ross Moore
Irene Price
Paul Morrell
Ronald Pullins
Edna Reed
Walter Randle
Maud Reynolds
Mike Rush
Ada Robinson
Paul Schleman
Frances Ryan
George Fate
Mayme Stevens
Clifford Spaet
Lucy Ulm
Arthur Thornton
Maine Watson
Delos York
Sylvia Watson
Alice Witham
Willard Zea
Thelma Weyegar

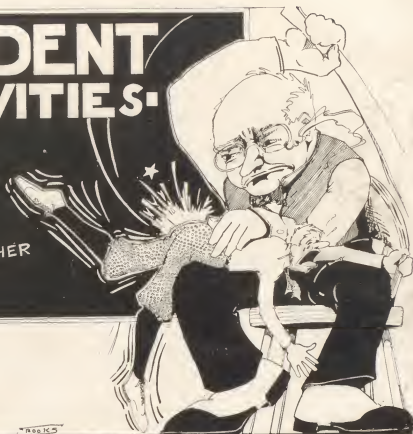
THE 1916 CHAOS



STUDENT ACTIVITIES-



TEACHER



ROCKS

THE 1916 CHAOS

THE 1916 CHAOS





ATHLETICS



BOOKS-16-



CARL EIGELSBACH

"Booster"

Captain '15. Left end; hard, fast player; sure tackler and had a good toe. Little but mighty. Third and last year on team.

R

FLOYD MEYERS

"Pete"

Coach. Played on R. H. S. football team '09-'10; fullback; played with Franklin College football team '11-'12; position as fullback.

R

HARRY MOORE

"Abe"

Captain-elect '16. Right halfback; has a good toe for drop-kicking; a wedge in offensive; a consistent fighter. Third year on team.

RENSELAER, INDIANA

WORTH JOHNSON

"Bill"

Guard; his size made him invaluable in the line; will be of much help to next year's team. First year.

R

ROSS LAKIN

"Lakin"

Asst. Captain '15. Right tackle; made all-state second team at tackle; scrappy player; always taunting his opponents. Second and last year on team.

R

DWIGHT CURNICK

"Doc"

Quarterback; very speedy; always doing something; the team will miss his speed and pep next year. Second and last year on team.





GRAVALOUS HANSSON

"Gravy"

Tackle; hard fighter; holds his side of the line like a veteran. First year on team.

R

LEONARD GOURLEY

"Peeler"

Center; made all-state first team as center; a steam-roller on offensive and a "Liege" on defensive. Second year on team.

R

HARRY McCOLLY

"Shibe"

Quarterback; accurate at forward passing; heady; made good this year; first year on team.

ROSS MOORE

"Moore"

Guard; a trifle small this year but an energetic worker with the right spirit; will be of much assistance to the team next year.

R

FRENCH CROOKS

"Crooks"

Asst. Captain-elect '17. Guard; heady and consistent lineman; will do his share in leading the team to success next year. Second year on team.

R

BASIL DUNLAP

"Bud"

Right half; very speedy; sure tackler; a great asset in the backfield. First year on team. *





EMMETT
HOLLINGSWORTH
"Hally"

Fullback; a successful battering-ram on the offensive; hard tackler. First year on team.



JOHN R. DUNLAP
"Dunny"

Right end; strong on offensive, as well as defensive; very speedy and a hard tackler. First year on team.



ORPHIA GANT
"Pearly"

Left tackle; a hard player; determined, scrappy; heady lineman. Third and last year on team.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA



FLOYD HEMPHILL

"Casey"

Trainer; a big asset to the team this year; a "Johnny-on-the-spot" doctor without a degree. A trifle rough in his operations.

R



JACKSON FREELAND

"Jack"

Guard; a trifle light this year; steady worker; will be with team next year. First year out.

Apologia Pes-Globus

The team of 1915, averaged one hundred thirty pounds; small in comparison to the teams it met throughout the year. Though handicapped by being light and with many new men, the team was scrappy.

The early part of the season, the team could not get the "old time pep," but after the new men became accustomed to the art of football, they played the game in such a manner as to establish themselves as fighters and willing workers.

The men practiced more diligently and with more determination, under the taunts flung at them during the early part of the season. Instead of becoming daunted by the despairing outlook, they redoubled their efforts with a view to retrieving their honor and turning the latter part of the season into one of success.

One great thing which disabled the team to a certain degree, was the fact, that in no two games of the season did the same line-up play. This was due in a great part to injuries sustained during practice.

The marked improvement in the team as they approached the Thanksgiving game, illustrates how well they had belied the depairing forecast. They certainly retrieved their honor and by so doing established a name for their unceasing, spirited confidence, and truly set a monumental example of the "comeback" theory, which has so characterized our old R. H. S.

Captain Carl Eigelsbach,
R. H. S. Football Team 1915,

In 1906, football in R. H. S. probably reached the zenith of its attainments on the gridiron, when the team of that season defeated Oak Park and Shortridge high schools. Up to this time the team had taken part in many games and had suffered few defeats. Owing to a serious accident the same year, football was not played the following year because of parental objections. From then on the teams as a whole were not so successful as in former years owing to good players being kept out by their parents. However the teams have always been strong, in some years exceptionally so, although there seemed to be less heavy and experienced material. Their success was no doubt due to the coaching of Harry F. Parker.

At the beginning of the season of 1916, the team was the lightest and most inexperienced which ever represented R. H. S. The schedule was unusually hard and the hardest game, that with Hammond, was played after only three weeks of practice and the inexperience of our men showed plainly. But from that time on they started to work with a vim and in the next game they showed marked improvement by defeating the strong Watseka team on their own grounds. Two more games were played with teams having strong claims to the state championship. We held Logansport to a 7-0 score, and Kirklin, a much heavier team, to a 7-7 tie, twice losing the ball by fumbling on the three-yard line.

The team developed an aggressive fighting spirit which offset their great handicap in weight, and had they had more experience to start with might have finished without the defeat by Hammond.

The team of '16 will start the season with practically all experienced men, aided by much promising material, and should make a creditable showing in next year's schedule.

Floyd Meyers, Coach '15.

The Football Season of 1915

On Monday, September 16, the first call for candidates for the football team was issued. Twenty men answered this call and appeared for practice the same evening. They were put through a light practice of falling on the ball, tackling and kicking. This form of practice was kept up for the first week, and then a more severe practice was administered the second and third weeks in preparation for the first game, which was to be played with Kentland.

The team which represented R. H. S. in this game was composed of practically all new men, as only three regular men were left from last year. It averaged in weight about one hundred thirty pounds, which was very light compared to the teams it was to meet throughout the season.

The result of the Kentland game was a victory for Rensselaer, which inspired confidence in the new men. But the old-time "pep" which has so characterized Rensselaer was not evident—probably due to the fact that there were so many new men who had not yet received this invaluable inspiration.

The game with the crack Hammond team, was a defeat for Rensselaer. This, however, only sharpened their appetite for victory.

With the determination to "come back," the Red and Black defeated Watseka, and not only won the game, but also won the renewed support of the town and proved to its supporters that it had made good and saved the honor of R. H. S.

It was with full confidence in success that it then met Logansport on November 13th. The result was a victory for Logansport. However, the team demonstrated to its supporters that it would fight hard, and any defeat it suffered would be a victory well-earned by its opponents.

The Kirklin teams in the past have been ranked among the best in the state. This was the team which we were to play on Thanksgiving Day. But, by the enthusiasm conveyed and instilled by the crowd of rooters, the team was enabled to finish the season with an average of five hundred per cent, the game resulting in a tie score. It was one of the best Thanksgiving Day games ever witnessed in Rensselaer.

Although the season was not entirely a success from the standpoint of scores, the ability of the team was recognized by the selection of two men, Leonard Gourley and Ross Lakin, respectively, for the all-state teams. Leonard Gourley was selected as center on the all-state first team; Ross Lakin, as tackle on the all-state second team. Both are football men of ability, in headwork as well as efficiency in offense and defense.

The team next year should have a victorious season and be successful in having some men on the all-state team, as only four men, Captain Eigelsbach, Assistant Captain Lakin, Gant and Hollingsworth will graduate. This gives the team of 1916 experienced men, and relieves them of the necessity of drilling new men for every position.

Football Schedule

Rensselaer 7, Kentland 6, October 9.
Hammond 46, Rensselaer 0, October 16.
Rensselaer 6, Watseka 3, November 6.
Logansport 7, Rensselaer 0, November 13.
Rensselaer 7, Kirklin 7, November 25.



PAUL J. HEALY

"Pinkey"

Captain; forward; sure shot on baskets; elusive, speedy, aggressive player; one who has little to say but does much. Second and last year.

R

L. EMORY WASS

"Wass"

Coach. Also coach of track.

R

DANIEL GUILD

"Danny"

Captain-elect. Guard; consistent player; a good shield for the basket; heady; dribbling is his long suit; good long shot; will be a good leader for the team next year. First year on team.

RENSELAER, INDIANA

PAUL HEALY (Captain)
Forward

DWIGHT CURNICK
Forward

ORPHIA GANT
Center

CARL EIGLESBACH
Guard

DANIEL GUILD
Guard

ROBERT LOY
Center

LAWRENCE McCLAIN
Guard

LEO HURLEY
Center

HARRY McCOLLY
Trainer

Corbis Globus

After thanksgiving a call was issued for basketball candidates. A large number responded, but, unlike former years, there was not a "regular" left from last year. However, there were three "subs" left, Curnick, Eigelsbach and Healy, who aided the coach in building up an entirely new team. After about two weeks' practice the team was picked to meet Wheatfield, who were our first opponents. From this game on to the last the same team, with one or two exceptions, never played together again. Due to ineligibility and sickness there was a continual dropping out, which made it hard for the coach and the few who did stay out, as continual changing was necessary. The team was small as compared to other teams in the state, averaging one hundred thirty pounds. Notwithstanding these handicaps, five of the ten games played were won. The players did the best they could and worked hard all the time, as did Coach Wass. The team entered the sectional tournament at Gary, but had no chance against the large up-state teams. The team was given fine treatment by the Gary management, besides seeing some exceptionally good basketball. This is the last year for Curnick, Gant, Eigelsbach and Healy.

Paul J. Healy, Captain.

During the basketball season of 1915-1916, Rensselaer High was represented by the smallest team in the state, the average weight being one hundred and thirty pounds.

With the first call for candidates, fourteen men reported, of whom only two were letter men.

With the disadvantage of size and weight, the team entered every game with a grim determination to win; and, in spite of the odds, won.

Like all other seasons, the team became discouraged at times, but by hard work and continuous practice the season was finished with a percentage of 500.

The spirit that prevailed in the squad throughout the season must be given recognition. Fighting against great odds throughout the season, the team won their letters with credit. Not only does this apply to the letter men, but to the members of the second team, who were practicing with the first team.

I, as coach of the 1915-16 basketball team, wish to thank the squad for the work of the season, and the way in which they met their opponents.

I wish the members of the team a successful season during the year of 1916-1917.

L. Emery Wass, Coach.



RENSSELAER, INDIANA

Rensselaer has in the past produced some of the best teams in the state of Indiana. The teams of the past few years, however, seemed to be smaller in size and their success has been dependent on their marksmanship and speed. Such was the case this year, the team being exceptionally small, with its opponents in almost every game greatly outweighing it.

On Monday, December second, Captain Paul Healy issued his call for candidates for the team. Fourteen men answered the summons and practice began immediately.

The first game was played with Wheatfield, in the High School Gymnasium. The Wheatfield team played a very fast game in the first half, but in the second half Rensselaer piled up the score, the final result being R. H. S. 17, Wheatfield 9.

The next game was with Remington, and was a complete victory for the Red and Black. The Remington lads were clearly outclassed. The final blow of the whistle found the score: R. H. S., 47; Remington H. S., 8.

On January 21st the team played at Lowell. The Lowell team was larger than Rensselaer and very speedy. The game was fast and hard, resulting in a defeat for Rensselaer, the score being: L. H. S., 29; R. H. S., 22.

Then, on January 26th, we were defeated at Monticello, 37 to 16.

The game with Brook, played in the High School Gym, was one of the best of the season, the teams being about equally matched in weight. From the blow of the whistle the game was one of hard, fast playing, the crowd being kept in anxious suspense. At the end of the first half Brook was in the lead, but the Red and Black came back in the second half and won the game. The final result was: R. H. S., 30; Brook, 28.

On February 4th the Orange and Black of Medaryville clashed with the Red and Black on the High School floor. From the start to the abrupt finish the game was rough and fast. Rensselaer was leading at the end of the first half, and the second half was a regular battle until the whistle blew for a foul. The game ended with the withdrawal of the Medaryville team from the floor and the forfeit of the game to Rensselaer, 2 to 0.

The second game with Lowell was won by the Red and Black, 24 to 17. It was a clean and fast game throughout.

On February 18th Monticello played their second game with Rensselaer in the High School Gym. The Red and Black played fast and hard, but their weighty opponents proved too much for them. The game ended with Monticello having 44 to our 26.

The game with Reynolds on March 1st ended the basketball schedule. It was a victory for Reynolds, 19 to 15, but practice was kept up for the game in the district tournament.

Rensselaer was matched against Laporte in the district tournament, which was played at Gary March 10. The Red and Black were midgets compared to them, but nevertheless put up a brave fight. Laporte won, 52 to 18.



Track



ROSS LAKIN (left)
Captain



J. FRENCH CROOKS (right)
Captain-elect



RENSSELAER, INDIANA



Last year marked the first real effort put forth in track in several years. It was new, but a good-sized bunch turned out at the call for practice, and good spirit was shown throughout the season. A triangular meet was arranged for and held May 1 at Monticello. The score was: Delphi, 42; Monticello, 37; Rensselaer, 29. However, this defeat was expected, because none of the men had had any real experience in track. In the Brook meet, May 15, we "came back" and won by a score of 72 to 28, leaving only two of the first places for our opponents.

This year we had to start all over again, as all of the best track athletes were graduated. The bunch that turned out for first practice was small, but good spirit was shown and we strongly hope to win the meets with Burnetts Creek and Delphi. The men have shown more real training spirit than was ever before shown, and are very willing to do as they are instructed. There are several new men out this year who will undoubtedly be stars in another year. I see no reason why there should not be a winning team next year, since only one of the team will graduate this year.

Ross Lakin, Captain.

Track work started this season with less prospect than any other season that Rensselaer High School has ever witnessed, the reason for this condition of track affairs being the lack of old material and undeveloped new material.

The track meets to be held this year are Burnetts Creek and the annual triangular meet.

The triangular meet is a contest in oratory as well as track events between the high schools of Monticello, Delphi and Rensselaer. This was begun in 1915, and is to be held annually at one of the three places.

The Burnetts Creek meet, which was held at that place on April 15th, served to give a brighter outlook than before, which was brought about by the time and records made.

The result of the meet with Burnetts Creek was: Burnetts Creek, 75; Rensselaer, 35. The number of points might have been increased had it not been the first appearance in any event of the kind for so many of the new men.

The team has worked hard and good material has been found in the Freshman class, which, it is hoped, may be developed into point winners in the coming seasons.

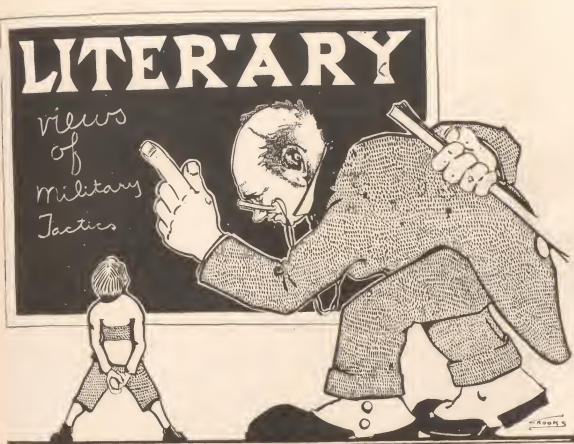
L. Emery Wass, Coach.

THE 1916 CHAOS



RENSSELAER, INDIANA

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Webster Literary Society



Abbot, Madeline
 Babcock, Margaret
 Barber, James
 Bare, Edgar
 Beam, Paul
 Benson, Elsie
 Benson, Senia
 Blue, Robert
 Brusnahan, Edwin
 Bussell, Florence
 Caine, Martha
 Carr, Lenore
 Collins, Jay
 Collins, Leland
 Curnick, Dwight
 Daugherty, George
 Dunlap, John
 Eigelsbach, Carl
 Elder, Clifford
 Elder, Maude
 Ellsworth, Olive
 Fate, George
 Folger, Frances
 Gilbranson, Pauline
 Halleck, Charles
 Ham, Lois
 Hansson, Gravalous
 Haworth, Lula
 Healy, Paul
 Hill, Valrie

Holmes, Ethel
 Hudson, John
 Hurley, Leo
 Hurley, Eva
 Jarrette, Wade
 Karr, Esther
 Kepner, Ora
 Kiplinger, Inez
 Kirk, Elizabeth
 Knox, Lucille
 Kohloff, Leona
 Lakin, Ross
 Leatherman, Helen
 Littlefield, Wilda
 Long, Bernice
 Loy, Robert
 Mackey, Clarence
 Marsh, Victoria
 Meader, Marion
 Miller, Jack
 Moore, Bessie
 Moore, Madeline
 Moore, Marie
 Morlan, Doris
 Nelson, Mabel
 Nevill, Vera
 Parkison, Paul
 Paulus, Leila
 Peek, Lila
 Phillips, Harvey

Pollard, Fairy
 Potts, Orie
 Pullins, Ronald
 Rains, Linnie Bird
 Reed, Edna
 Reed, Seth
 Reeve, Robert
 Reynolds, Maud
 Rhoads, Edwin
 Robinson, Opal
 Rush, Mike
 Rush, Mildred
 Schleman, Paul
 Schultz, Walter
 Snow, Harvey
 Spate, Clifford
 Thomas, Alice
 Thurlow, Dale
 Tilton, Thelma
 Tilton, William
 Ulm, Lucy
 VanAtta, Marjorie
 Wagner, Mary
 Wartena, Leonard
 Watson, Sylvia
 Waymire, Minnie
 Whited, Earl
 Witham, Elizabeth
 Wynegar, Thelma
 Yeoman, Elizabeth

Lincoln Literary Society



Abbott, Ernest
 Allman, Elvyn
 Babcock, Frank
 Bachman, Mary
 Barden, Alfred
 Becker, Virgil
 Bever, Mamie
 Chamberlain, Catherine
 Clarke, Russell
 Collins, Herschel
 Comer, Mary
 Crooks, French
 Crooks, Jeanette
 Dahmcke, Lucille
 Daugherty, Nora
 Dirst, Leota
 Dixey, Raymond
 Dunlap, Basil
 Eisele, William
 Fidler, Ray
 Freeland, Evelyn
 Gant, Orphia
 Gorham, Lester
 Gorham, Randle

Gourley, Leonard
 Guild, Daniel
 Hansson, Annetta
 Haworth, Walter
 Hays, Newell
 Healey, Ivah
 Healey, Vera
 Hemphill, Floyd
 Hill, Frank, Jr.
 Hollingsworth, Emmett
 Hoover, George
 Hudson, Sophia
 Hurley, Wesley
 Iliff, Ray
 Johnson, Worth
 Kannal, Gwendolyn
 Kershner, John
 King, Elizabeth
 King, Walter
 Kruse, Esther
 Lee, Archie
 Leonard, Cornelia
 Littlefield, Herald
 Logan, Marie

Loneragan, George
 Luers, Lucille
 Martindale, Thelma
 Mauck, Lucy
 McAleer, Irene
 McElfresh, Jennie
 McElfresh, William
 McKay, Florence
 McLain, Lawrence
 McColly, Harry
 Moore, Ross
 Morrell, Paul
 Murphy, Ruth
 Nelson, Elsie
 Nelson, Wave
 Norris, Marguerite
 Ogelsby, Meta
 Overton, Harriett
 Parkinson, Helen
 Peek, Marquis
 Poole, Iva
 Price, Irene
 Price, Lily
 Randle, Walter

Randle, Flossie
 Robinson, Ada
 Roth, Jay Dee
 Ryan, Frances
 Sage, Harold
 Simmons, Merrill
 Short, Clarke
 Stephens, Mayme
 Swaim, Leonard
 Thornton, Arthur
 Warren, Stuart
 Wasson, William
 Watson, Maine
 Waymire, Hattie
 Weiss, Harold
 Weging, Marie
 West, Faustine
 Witham, Alice
 Wood, Ruth
 Worland, Mabel
 Yeoman, Bernice
 York, Delos
 York, Howard
 Zea, Willard

The Girl Who Didn't Care

Several years ago, before I had the honor of being a Freshman, I was a good friend of a girl named Virginia Lockwood. Virginia lived neighbors to a young man whose uncle had died and left his nephew a legacy of a million dollars. All of the girls in the town were "crazy" about young Hale—all with the exception of Virginia. She never paid any attention to him, never spoke to him very cordially upon meeting him, and avoided meeting him as often as possible. She never put on her prettiest dresses when she knew he would be likely to happen over, nor did she even rearrange a comb or a single hairpin. Consider then how absolute was her scorn for Jack Hale.

One bright summer morning he jumped over the fence which separated the yards and asked, very suddenly: "I say, Virginia, what are you posing for?"

"I'm washing my hair, can't you see?" she answered crossly. "Let me tell you, Mr. Hale, that in polite circles it is customary to speak before coming upon some one in that abrupt manner."

Jack considered this thoughtfully. He appeared to relish it immensely.

"Do you know, that's one reason why you are such a dandy chum, Virginia. You never like to see me. You go around looking your worst when you know very well you're a mighty attractive girl—and especially when you fix up a bit. I, being a man, am bound to pursue this haughty beauty."

"Certainly not, certainly not. If you did I should be afraid of you. Since your uncle died, leaving you all his money, every girl in town has been trying, trying, trying to please the very fastidious Mr. Hale. Well, I won't!"

"This information is superfluous. Well, it's quite a sensation to find some one who doesn't care a rap about you. That's why I chose you for a friend."

"Don't be so specific, Mr. Hale. Let me tell you to watch carefully, for some beautifully dressed young lady may attach her gentle hands to your collar and then you will not be at liberty to jump over my fence and come bothering me."

The next day he was back again. Virginia was writing a letter and did not wish to be bothered. Jack tormented her by acting as though he was trying to look over her shoulder.

"Mr. Hale, if you wish to adorn the circle of the most excellent society you must first learn that such tactics are considered bad form."

For answer Jack took the letter from her hand, sat down quite near her and said:

"I've been silly enough, Virginia. Let's get married."

"Why—why—what do you mean?"

"Now—what do I mean! Why, wedlock, matrimony, man and wife—you and I! Virginia, here is a letter, and I'll let you read it if you promise not to let that little friend of yours see it. (That was I to whom he referred.) She gave it to me this morning."

"Dear Mister Hale: You had better stop making Virginia cry all the time or when my brother comes home I'll have him fix you. Every nite she stands in front of your pitcher and cries. I seen her. You got to stop making her cry or you will be sorry.
Nellie."

"Oh—oh—oh!" exclaimed Virginia. "How dare she! I could cry for shame. I could punish her. I wish I could slap her!"

"Now, you don't wish so at all," said Jack pacifically, "you will keep your promise not to tell. She shall have a pony and cart for this."

A few days later I was out riding with my pony which Jack had given me, when I met one of my friends.

"Oh—where'd you get that?" she asked in amazement.

"Oh, Mr. Hale gave it to me. But you ought to see the doll that Miss Virginia gave me."

"What did she give you a doll for?"

"It's a secret, but if you promise not to tell I'll tell you. Well, she gave it to me for giving a letter she wrote to Mr. Hale, and for makin' me promise not to tell him she wrote it."

Ada Robinson, '19.

A Winter Piece

I

I walked amid the flakes of falling snow,
Weary in spirit and at heart depressed;
Filled with a longing I had sought to know,
To solve, but could not, and a vague unrest
Was all my being. Deep within my breast
My heart kept time to one monot'nous strain,
Which seemed at times to be some bitter jest
That voiced its meaning in the dull refrain:
Why struggle with thy lot? Thy works are all in vain.

II

The falling flakes fell on my upturned face;
With them descended quiet, peace and calm;
White messengers who came with such a grace
That calmed the soul, e'en as a soothing balm
On aching brows; and every doubt and quail
Was now dissolved. The lesson they had taught
Came down from heav'n, a sweetly silent psalm,
The text with God's eternal love was fraught;
I thanked the snow for this the message it had brought.



A True Story

One day last summer I decided to go to Chicago. I packed my suitcase in a hurry and started for the train. They say, "Haste makes waste"; so it proved with me. I was going along swiftly and more swiftly with each succeeding moment, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Without a moment's warning the end of my suitcase struck a telephone pole; everything had to spill out of it onto the ground.

I crammed everything back into the suitcase, shook my fist at the offending pole and again dashed madly on toward the depot. I arrived in time to see the train pulling out of the station. Two or three decided puffs and the train was on its way.

At first I did not know what to do. I was hot, tired, perspiring, angry and disappointed. I just continued to stand there resting my elbow on a Ford that happened to be standing near the platform. Slight support for so great a sorrow!

It was fully five minutes as I stood thus before an idea penetrated the welter of confusion that was in my mind. The idea led me to run quickly to the owner of the Ford and to ask him for permission to borrow his car for a while. He agreed to let me have it, as he was tired of it.

Of course I did not know how to manage any kind of a car. In this case I simply turned a crank, pushed a button, said "Abracadabia"—the little old Ford rambled right along.

After I had gone a short distance I turned a corner and saw that I was riding side by side with the train which had gone off without me. I put on a little more speed—said "Abracadabia" again.

The car shot far ahead of the train with a joyful leap. It was not long before I arrived at Parr. I turned the car so quickly that I ran into George Lonergan and Edwin Brusnahan, who were riding a motorcycle. I ran right over them. I could not stop for the Ford was beyond my control. I looked out and saw that they were again mounting the motorcycle.

If I was to stop at the station I decided that it would be a wise thing to slow the car down a bit. This I did with much difficulty. On arriving at the depot at Parr I had to awaken a sleepy ticket agent. I then went out upon the street and instructed a sleepy citizen to take the Ford back to Rensselaer. Just then the train arrived. I saw a smile steal up over the right front wheel of the Ford, slide gleefully along the fender and disappear down the spokes of the right rear wheel. The train gave an angry snort of disapproval.

For myself I need say no more than this: I was mighty glad that I did not miss the trip to Chicago. To the souls of all rickety dying or dead Fords I devoutly breathe these sincere words, "Pax vobiscum."

Alice Witham, '19.

Do You Really Mean It?

When our Faculty were infants

All little folks were good,

And did just what their teachers

And the School Board said they should.

If I Had a Thousand Dollars

A thousand dollars is a nice lot of money. If I had it I would think so, at least. Since I have it not, it really does not matter what I think. Suppose that this thousand really belonged to me—let's see what I would do with it.

I would go to the World's Fair. The World's Fair is a wonderful thing, full of all the sights, sounds, colors and other glorious attractions that naturally appeal to one of my youth and unsophistication. I'd spend a part of the thousand, my friends, in pursuing my studies, so that I could use more large words, near relatives to unsophistication. On second thought, I realize that there will not be a World's Fair for a long time. I am afraid my thousand will be evaporated before that bright day arrives. My plan is changed somewhat.

I must travel, at all events. It shall be Germany. I shall go to Germany and try to stop the manufacture of first-year German text-books. For this noble act there will be a monument erected in my honor by some of the Freshmen I know. My next move would be to propose! Peace Plans! Should Germany refuse my noble project and go right ahead with the war I should say, "Fight on, Germany! I don't care; I have a thousand dollars minus the amount I don't have!"

I would go to Rome—the next stop in my itinerary, as the newspapers always say when referring to Taft, Roosevelt and other great travelers. They used to have great athletic feats in Rome; they may yet—I don't know. I will, however, after I take Ancient History. I should tell the Romans about our Freshman basketball team and about our coach. This should interest the Romans.

From Rome it is but a few miles to—. But hold, I must figure up my expenses. If one thousand dollars afforded a valet and a private secretary, I should not have to figure up my own expenses. I hate to do this sort of thing. What must be, must! The dreadful truth dawns upon me! I have exactly enough money left to get back home—that is, as far as Parr—and to get a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich.

I wish I had chosen a different subject—What Would I Do with Two Thousand Dollars! This story might have been lengthened somewhat—it might have ended differently.

Virgil Becker, '19.

A Freshie stood on the burning deck,
But as far as I could learn
He had no reason much to fear,
For he was too green to burn.



Lines to Ruth

Oh, joyful, sweet and gentle Ruth,
On your face is written "Truth."
You're always bubbling o'er with fun;
You always cheer up every one.
You make us laugh, you make us glad;
You see the good and not the bad
In every one you chance to meet—
Oh, Ruth, your ways are very sweet

In our show you posed as Nance,
And it merely took a glance
To see and hear, at your debut,
Those whispers, "My, she's cute." That's true.
But Nance is not her name. That's Ruth;
She's the very picture of joy and youth.
How I wish that I now could see you there,
Singing that pretty little air,
And see the smiles on every face
As you stood in your beauty and youth and grace.

Oh, Ruth, keep up your gentle glee;
'Tis a world of joy in itself to me.
If we must do without your smile
Our life would scarcely be worth while;
Our school would be a place of gloom;
'Twould seem as dismal as a tomb
Were it not for your gentle mirth—
Ruth, you're the happiest girl on earth!
Archie Lee, '16.

What's in a Name?

The night was dark. All day the town had been drenched by one of those miserably cold Rains. At night there was a heavy Snow. The wind blew over the Hills, up over the Marsh, and every Poole and Littlefield was frozen over. People piled their wood boxes high with fuel and brought in still Moore Wood.

On such a night a bunch of Crooks planned to rob the bank at Lee. The night before they had committed the same wicked deed at Reynolds. Many Holmes had been robbed by them; they had stolen a jewel without Price.

"Come, fellows," said their leader. "Each one of you will have to work like a Beaver if you want to make a getaway."

"Here, you, gimme that lantern, so I can let a Beam fall upon that safe. More light! Sh! Pst!"

But what is that which sounds upon the midnight air?

"Hey, Pete, sneak to the window and take a Peek."

Silence profound!

"Who do you see, Pete?"

"Sh! Not a sound! If they hear us they'll raise Caine!"

"Is the marshal there?"

"Yep."

"Who's Witham?"

"A bunch o' Blue Coats."

Bang! Crack! Smash! Confusion!

From the rear of the bank came a swarm of officers! Each one carried a Long billy.

"Here, Murphy, take this one!" cried out one lusty Blue-Coat.

"Sure and Oi'll do it, Ryan! A couple more Knox'll fix him!"

"Not so fast there, sonny! Hey, Mike, Rush this fellow to the lockup."

"Come along, 'ere, you slippery son o' Satan! We'll take a little Kruse over to the County Lockup! What? You won't? Better stop actin' like a Dahncke and come along!"

!! _____? !!! ***** ****!!!

"None o' that language, now, sonny. Yer caught with the goods, so I'll ask ye not to Mauck me like that."

The next day seven sorrowful Crooks sat in jail bewailing their sad lot.

"Wow, I'm hungry! I'd give my hat for a good Short order!"

"Or a good piece of Ham!"

"Or a good glass o' Blue Ribbon!"

"Or some good sour Deans!"

"Or a cup of Coe-Coe!"

"Or a dish of Rice!"

"Gee, this is some Shedd!"

"If I ever get out o' here I'll turn straight!"

"No more Swindler for mine! Here's where I take a Coe-Dean tablet and go to sleep!"

"Alas! Cruel, cruel Fate!"

Moral: Those who dance must pay the Fidler.

Spring

(Editor's Note:—At this time of year spring poets are running around loose pestering people with their masterpieces. This is a sample of a so-called "poem" written by a H. S. genius. Look out for squirrels.)

Spring is the worst of seasons,
It gets so hot that off comes your coat,
And then set in school sweating like a wet duck;
Then there is the garden to plant,
The yard to rack (rake),
And you have that spring fever.
My! Spring is the worst of seasons.

Spring is some season.
First it will rain
And by the time you get under shelter
The sun will come out with a little smile.
It's either gathering mud on your shoes
Or blowing dust in your eyes—
Spring is the worst of seasons.

Gravalous Hansson.

"There once was a Freshman named Spate
Who was absent and oftentimes late;
When he went to Miss Shedd,
She looked away and said,
'Ach, Clifford, mein Kind, du bist spat!'"

The Man of the Hour—Robert Reeve.
The White Sister—Senia Benson.
Chin-Chin—Vera Healey and Dwight Curnick.
The Silent Woman—Elsie Benson.
The Good-Natured Man—Ross Lakin.
Daddy Long Legs—Mr. Coe.
The Littlest Rebel—Margaret Babcock.
The Flying Dutchman—Carl Eigelsbach.
The Northern Representative—Leota Dirst
Miss Marie—Marie Logan.
Somehow Good—Orphia Gant.
Out for Business—Frank Hill.
The Absenter—Paul Worland.
High C—Elvyn Allman.
The Literary Lady—Florence McKay
Silence is Golden—Leila Paulus.
The Gasoline Habit—Emmet Hollingsworth.
The Oldest Son—Archie Lee.
A Country Lass—Lucille Luers.
Dark Eyes—Maud Elder.
Too Good to Be True—Ray Fidler.
Simply a Woman—Bernice Yeoman.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA

Maid Marian—Marion Meader.
A Pair of Blue Eyes—Evelyn Freeland.
One Out of Many—Mabel Worland.
When Victoria Was Queen—Victoria Marsh.
The Private Stenographer—Doris Morlan.
The White Flower—Marguerite Norris.
The Old Red Roof—Paul Healy.
Chums—
Helen Leatherman.
Gwendolyn Kannal.
The Mistress of the Farm—Elizabeth Yeoman.



The Vampire

A faculty there was who make their rules,
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair.
(We called them the teachers who did not care)
But fools they called the Seniors fair.
(Even as you and I!)
Oh, the year we wasted, the tears we shed,
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the Seniors who could not find
(And now we know we never could find)
One who would understand.

Questions She Always Asks You

Why do they call them halfbacks? They're not deformed, are they?
Is it really made of pigskin?
Who's that bald-headed man in the sweater coat running around over there?
Oo, look! The ball hit him.
Why don't they make him come back? He's "holding" the ball.
Why did he throw the ball to that other man? Was he afraid he'd get mashed if everybody jumped on him?
What are the lines for?
Isn't that the fifth down?
How does the man remember those numbers?
I think this is a beautiful game, don't you?
Are we going to win, do you think?



A Senior's Today

"Sure this high school's full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't;
Lord, I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.
Exams and zeros came to fret me,
Days were often gray;
Late hours and dances have beset me
The next day—but say,
Ain't it fine today?

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Oh! Our brilliant teachers,
Will they always last
Without our class of '16
In the dear old R. H. S.?

It's today I'm thinkin' 'bout;
Not a year ago;
English, German, Algebra,
As the teachers will it so.
Yesterday a cloud fell o'er my grades,
But today they're all O. K.—
But say—ain't it fine today?

Jokes

Dwight (as the B. B. team comes out): "Look. There goes Healy, the forward. He'll soon be our best man."

Vera: "Oh, Dwight, this is so sudden!"

Margaret Babcock (in Virgil): "He advances into the sea and washes the trickling blood from his lost eyesight."

Miss Leopold (in English): "Wilda, what did the person with the red beard, hairy body, hideous mask, horns and a long forked tail look like?"

Wilda (disgustedly): "Looked like the devil."

Miss Shedd: "The year is rapidly approaching its finish."

Voice from the Rear: "So are we."

Teacher: "Do you know what becomes of foolishness?"

"Yes, they become Sophomores."

Miss Leopold (in English): "Archie Lee, stop making those boys laugh."

Archie (looking up): "But, Miss Leopold, they say my pants are stone-age stuff."

Dear Coach Meyers:

I am a Freshman, 7 feet 2 inches tall and weigh 116 pounds. Could I play on your team?

Dear Freshman:

The call for goal posts has not yet been issued.

A certain Senior couldn't answer an exam question over Chaucer's Prologue, so he wrote, "Ich weisz nicht." Miss Leopold returned the paper and had written after the question: "Ach, du lieber Gott! Warum nicht?"

Of all sad words from lip or pen,
The saddest are these, "I flunked again."

—Hemphill.

Freshie: "I hope they have lots of good jokes in the "Chaos" this year."

Soph: "Why, you poor simp, don't you know there are only five jokes in existence?"

Fresh: "No; what are they?"

Soph: "The four classes and the faculty."

Sh-h-h-h!!! The corn has ears!—Hemphill.

RENSELAER, INDIANA

THE J. THOMAS CO. 1000 N. W. 10th St. CHICAGO, ILL.



Music

Music is recognized as a potent factor in education. Its influence upon the life of humanity is deep and lasting. It links great and small, rich and poor, humble and proud in a chain of fellowship extending from Past to Present and which will reach into the Future until the end of time. Widely diverse thoughts, hopes and longings are poured into God's "melting pot," and from it comes this common language of the world, this one means of contact for all the races. By it we are led through hope and fear; it is associated with the happiest moments of our lives and with the saddest; it lowers the barriers between friend and foe, and helps to "drive dull care away." In the words of the immortal bard of Avon, "the man who hath no music in his soul, and is not moved by concourse of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; let no such man be trusted."

In the Rensselaer High School, music is required of all Freshmen and they put sincere, earnest work into their choruses. After the Freshmen year, music is elective, and the large proportion of upper classmen who choose this work speaks well for their appreciation. This advanced chorus furnishes all the chorus work on the programs of commencement week, and renders difficult music with taste and skill.

We are very proud of our two quartets, the boys' and the girls'. Last year their work was very effective throughout the year and at commencement they added much to the interest of the programs. Their willing service at the High School Literaries and to the community outside the school was highly appreciated. Because of the operetta, quartet work was not organized so early this year, but the personnel of each is so nearly the same that excellent work is to be expected of them.

Our big musical feature this year was the operetta, "A Nautical Knot," which involved the services of about thirty-five young people from the advanced chorus and eight Freshmen, who danced the sailor's hornpipe with zest.

A class involved musical history, instrumentation of orchestra and band, distinction of singing voices and stories of famous operas. All these have been illustrated by the victrola.

Acknowledgment is here made of the faithful services of our accompanists, Cornelia Leonard and Alice Thomas.

A Fragment---To Music

Silver key of the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,
Is laid asleep in flowers.

—Shelley.

Boys' Quartet



J. ELVYN ALLMAN
First Tenor

DWIGHT S. CURNICK
Second Tenor

PAUL BEAM
Baritone

CARL EIGELSBACH
Bass

Girls' Quartet



CORNELIA LEONARD
Second Soprano

WILDA LITTLEFIELD
First Soprano

THELMA MARTINDALE
First Alto

DORIS MORLAN
Second Alto

A Nautical Knot

CAST.

Julia	Wilda Littlefield
Nance	Ruth Wood
Barnabas Lee	Elvyn Allman
Bill Salt	Carl Eigelsbach
Joe Stout	Paul Beam
Barnstapole Girls—	
Delia	Doris Morlan
Daisy	Alice Thomas
Dora	Inez Kiplinger
Della	Bernice Long
Jack Brace	Harry Moore
Jim Spray	Robert Loy
Ned Bluff	Robert Reeve
Artists	{ Howard York
	{ Paul Healy
	{ Floyd Hemphill

Barnstapole girls, sailors and artists—Evelyn Freeland, Lucille Luers, Helen Leatherman, Gwendolyn Kannal, Lula Haworth, Marguerite Norris, Leila Paulus, Meta Oglesby, Thelma Martindale, Helen Parkison, Elizabeth King, Howard York, Floyd Hemphill, Paul Healy, Harry Moore, Archie Lee, Harry McColly, William Eisele, William Tilton, Charles Halleck, Jackson Freeland.

Hornpipe—Alice Witham, Lois Ham, Maude Reynolds, Frances Ryan, Walter Haworth, George Fate, Willard Zea, Leland Collins.

The operetta, "A Nautical Knot," by William Rhys-Herbert and Maude Elizabeth Inch, was given by the musical department of the High School on December 2 and 3, 1915. The dainty Barnstapole girls, the sailor lassies with blue and white middies and scarlet ties, and the sailor lads clad in snowy white from hats to shoes made a pleasing picture. The sweetness of the young voices, the spontaneity of the acting and the smoothness of the entire performance spoke eloquently of hard work and thought spent in preparation. It was the most difficult entertainment ever attempted by this High School and the artistic rendering given redounds to the glory of all concerned.



SYNOPSIS.

Julia, the haughty belle of Barnstapole, is loved by all the sailors, but scorns them all. On the eve of the departure of the "Bounding Billow" for a year's voyage, she meets Barnabas Lee, a wandering artist, who falls in love with her, and she returns his affection. The jealous sailors kidnap Barnabas and take him to sea with them.

In the meantime Nance, Julia's friend, is loved by Joe Stout, who, being too bashful to propose himself, persuades his shipmate, Bill Salt, to undertake the task. Bill mistakes Julia for Nance, asks her and she accepts conditionally. Julia tells Nance, who is heart-broken over the seeming faithlessness of Joe. The Barnstapole girls, having quarreled with the sailors, pretend indifference at their departure.

A year later the "Bounding Billow" returns. The Barnstapole girls, having met a party of artists down from town for the day, take malicious delight in going to meet the sailors accompanied by the artists. The sailors have quite recovered from their love for Julia, but the girls scorn them.

Bill Salt has the unpleasant task of explaining himself as a substitute for Joe. Julia accepts, but the return of Barnabas Lee solves all difficulties and all ends happily.

Wilda Littlefield played the part of Julia with delightful spontaneity and her clear voice lent itself admirably to both the solos and duets which fell to her. Her duet with Bill Salt, "To the Altar We Must Go," won special praise.

Ruth Wood was all that could be desired in the part of Nance. Her solos were well suited to her rich contralto voice, and were artistically rendered. Her duet with Joe Stout, "Arm in Arm We'll Walk on Sundays," was one of the best numbers of the evening.

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Elvyn Allman as Barnabas Lee, the artist, looked his part to perfection in his black velvet clothes and cap. He might easily have walked out of a Flemish picture. His sweet tenor voice rendered his songs delightful, and his difficult part was well acted.

Carl Eigelsbach, with his whiskers and his oilskins, was a comical old Bill Salt. His was the longest part of any and he played it well, singing his solos with the deep bass voice of an ideal sailor.

Paul Beam made his interpretation of Joe Stout manly, yet tender enough to please the most critical. His rich baritone voice suited his part exactly and his acting was excellent.

Doris Morlan, Alice Thomas, Inez Kiplinger and Bernice Long were as dainty and charming Barnstapole maidens as one could wish to see, and their parts were well done.

Harry Moore, Robert Loy and Robert Reeve, as the sailors who court the Barnstapole girls, acted their parts with skill and much enthusiasm. Howard York, Paul Healy and Floyd Hemphill were clever artists.

Much of the success of the evening was due to the faithful and efficient accompanist, Ione Zimmerman, and we wish to acknowledge her services so cheerfully given.



All a Mistake

Lieutenant George Richmond, a young man of good family, has a rich old uncle who wishes him to marry an old friend of the family, Nellie Huntington. George cannot do this, for he has already married the lady of his choice, another Nell it is true, but not Miss Nellie Huntington.

George has just received the report that his uncle is at the very point of death. Taking his wife, he makes a hasty trip to the country in order to pay his last respects to his Uncle Obadiah. Upon his arrival at the farm, George hears the truth—Uncle Obadiah is not at death's point; he is not even sick, but is enjoying a hunt through the woods. George realizes his own dilemma. When Uncle Obadiah learns that his plans have been disobeyed he will surely disinherit him. At the critical moment Nell Huntington is asked to act the part of bride, much to the delight of George, but to the chagrin of his wife. She is as jealous of Nell Huntington as it is possible for a wife to be.

The complication is made all the greater by the arrival of Richard Hamilton, the lover of Nell Huntington. He is at a loss for an explanation of the queer conduct of all present and thinks he has wandered into the State Insane Asylum, which is next door to Captain Skinner's farm. George hopes to smooth through one difficulty by letting Hamilton believe that he really is in the asylum.

Just here it is that Miss Cornelia Skinner, sister of Captain Obadiah, an amiable but antiquated spinster, arrives upon the scene with her "secret." Her secret is that she thinks she has found, through the matrimonial agency, her "Romeo." She receives a letter from him, but not until it has passed through the hands of all the Nells present—for Miss Cornelia's middle name is Nell, the maid is Nell, the other two Nells have more complicated paths than ever.

The patience of everyone concerned is very nearly at an end. Nell Huntington is very unhappy; George is guilty and embarrassed; Nell, his wife, is very angry and unhappy. Fortune decides to smile on all, however. Naturally, Uncle Obadiah relents; the bride and groom are happily forgiven; Nell Huntington and her lover are reunited; Cornelia and her lover, Ferdinand Lighthead, seek future happiness together. It is quite a relief to all to feel that Captain Obadiah's farm is not, after all, as bad as the neighboring institution for the infirm of mind.

Captain Obadiah Skinner, a testy old gentleman and retired sea captain, was well impersonated by Carl Eigelsbach. We heard more than one remark to the effect that there was such a sympathy of characteristics between Carl and the old captain that it was an easy matter for Carl to assume the role of the latter.

Ross Lakin, as the nephew of the captain, handled his part in a splendid manner. All the fevered inward quakings of spirit were his. As a faithless husband he is not an adept; still less as a pretender. Evelyn Freeland, his jealous and chagrined wife, was so realistic that many said: "Why, I never would dream that of Evelyn, would you?"

Gwendolyn Kannal and Robert Reeves, in the respective parts of Nell Huntington and Richard Hamilton, handled their parts with such true lovely grief and mental unrest (due to their enforced separation) that all were relieved to see the old adage prove true once again: "The course of true love never runs smoothly."

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Miss Cornelia Skinner, romantic, spinsterly and coy, was admirably given by Florence McKay. "Romeo," or Ferdinand Lighthead, her foppish but "adorable" lover, captured through the machinations of the matrimonial agency, was cleverly impersonated by Emmett Hollingsworth. Maude Elder, the fourth Nell, as Captain Obadiah's maid, was very much the modern maid—quick-witted, inquisitive, sharp, resourceful and better informed as to domestic affairs than her elders and betters.

The play proved very enjoyable in every respect and much praise is due to the entire cast.



Carnival=Circus

The carnival-circus took place in the High School building on Saturday evening, February 26, 1916.

The afternoon parade, consisting of variously adorned animal cages, ponies, clowns and a caliope, although badly wind-tossed, presented quite a miniature Ringling appearance.

The real event in the evening afforded various attractions, among which was a continuous vaudeville, also a two-ring circus in which one ring was occupied by a menagerie and the other by acrobats. A miniature Ford factory gave the public a small idea of the manufacturing of Fords. The side shows of Freaks and Marine Treasures fulfilled the expectations aroused by their alluring titles. An ever busy "eats" booth and Japanese Tea Room furnished refreshments to the sightseer. Last but not least were the clowns, an omnipresent element of any circus.

In spite of the fact that the weather man had buckled his armour of wind and snow to meet in personal combat each and everyone who might venture within his domain, the carnival-circus was favored with a goodly number of those who dared to brave the elements to see the sights.



Industrial Arts



The aim of the instruction of Industrial Arts as in all other subjects or fields of educational work is determined not by the nature or character of the work, but by the nature and needs of the student taking the work.

The work starts in the sixth grade and consists of only part time construction and continues throughout the grades and high school.

The above work is divided into prevocational and vocational work.

The aim of the Industrial Arts work for this prevocational period is, therefore, twofold; (1) It should give the pupil true understanding of and appreciation for the more important and fundamental industrial activities represented in his own community and those upon which the maintenance and welfare of his country and state depend.

The instruction, in the second place, assists the pupil in determining his vocational aim or bent, by providing a series of typical experiences in a few fundamental lines of work, whereby he could try himself out, as it were, or test his interest in and fitness for the lines of work taken up in the school shop.

The prevocational or finding period is in turn followed by a stage where the instruction is controlled and the selection of the subjects for study guided by a definite vocational aim or purpose. This work takes form in two elective courses—one in cabinet making and the other in advanced mechanical drawing. The former covers the field of general furniture making and modern industries. The latter covers the four theories of projection—lettering, bridge design, machine drawing and survey.

L. Emery Wass.



Domestic Science



Home Economics stands for the ideal home life. It aims to be practical, to thoroughly equip the girl to meet the problems of the average home. An effort is made to correlate this with the other studies pursued by the student and the relation between cooking and the other sciences is carefully brought out.

The work begins in the sixth year and continues through the Fresh-

man year of high school, then as an elective subject in the Senior year. Full credit is given for the work in both the Freshman and Senior years.

Sewing is one of the Manual Arts which has proven itself of highest value in the schools. The skill which students of sewing acquire can result only from concentration and well directed mental effort. It has educational power and not the least important service of this art is its training of the hand to accomplish quickly and well as the mind directs.

The fundamental principles of hand sewing and the various problems arising from garment making are taught by the construction of simple articles. More advanced work is then given, the Senior girls making two dresses this year, a house dress and the graduation dress. A study of textile fibers is also given in connection with sewing.

As outlined, the course in cooking includes experimental work in preparing recipes, planning well balanced meals, table service, chemistry of foods and household sanitation.

In connection with the department this year a lunch room has been conducted for the benefit of students who live a distance from the school. The Home Economics Club of this city was instrumental in making this undertaking a success, providing the equipment, materials and help necessary to carry on this work.

Mabel Claire Atwood,

Technical Normal School, Chicago.

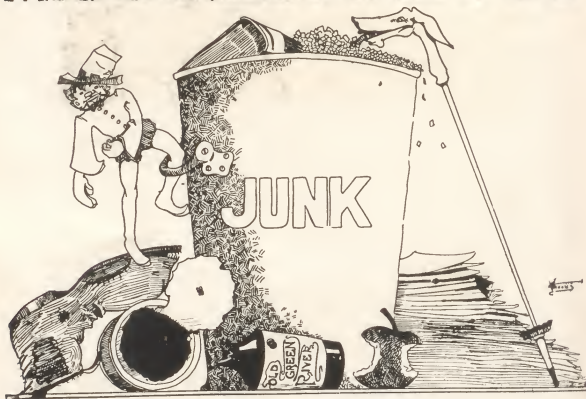


RENSELAER, INDIANA

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MISCELLANEOUS



RENSELAER, INDIANA



DRUM CORPS.

Moore, Beam, McColly, Short, Loy, Healy

Ich weisz nicht was soll es bedeuten
Das ich so traurig bin,
Ich sit at mein table und arbeit,
Der Students der beds is mit in.

Ich denke ich flunke the layout,
They make so viele "faux pas";
Gallia ist divisa in parts tres,
So ich flunke the whole bunch for das!

Ich sits da, und schreibe, und denke,
Und scratch mein Kopf mit mein mitt,
Oh, was shall I do to der students,
To make them all suffer "damit"?
—*Hemphills Dream before Finals.*



TWO
SNAPSHOTS
OF MEMBERS
OF THE
BOYS
QUARTET
IN ACTION



FACULTY



PHYSICAL
TORTURE



RENSSELAER, INDIANA



Daily Calendar

SEPTEMBER

This is the month of September,
When, as you all will remember,
The faculty, new,
Has all it can do
To season this float of "green timber."



Hot, close.

6. School opens. Labor Day (well named).
7. "Labor of Hercules," No. 1—A schedule without conflicts.
8. "Pinky" pilots Freshmen to their classes.
9. I would like to be a Freshman,
Just a minute so to see
If I look as wise to them
As they look green to me.

10. This is the school the city built (to be continued).

13. Mr. Coe starts work on his "farm."

14. Boys earning their way into Chautauqua.

15, 16, 17. Chautauqua—excuse for flunking.

20. Helen L., having trouble, exclaims, "Oh, dear."
R. Lakin: "Well, now what do you want?"

21. Miss Shedd (in German class): "Conjugate the
verb to be.
Freshman: "I be, you be; he, she, it, be."

22. I'd like to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand,
A pony in my pocket
And a Vergil in my hand.

23. (Home Ec. Class). Maude Elder folds up with
the chair.

24. Miss Leopold alarms Freshmen: "Tomorrow we
will take the author's life."

27. Miss Norris (Latin XII): "But in what other
tense can 'fugit' be found, Margaret?" after
M. B. had succeeded in translating it "The king
flees."

After deep thought M. B. answered: "Perfect."

Miss N.: "Then how would you translate?"

M. B.: "Don't know."

Miss N.: "Why, put a 'has' in it."

M. B.: "The king has flees."



Fair.

Freshmen, Freshmen,
everywhere
Their arms so full
of books,
For study, O, my, no;
It's every bit for
looks.

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28. Miss Leopold: "Paul, have you read Shakespeare, Browning or Milton?"
Paul: "No."
Miss L.: "What have you read?"
Paul: "I have red hair."
30. Senior class meeting—election of officers.

OCTOBER

This is the month of October,
The hot summer days are now over;
Now for football,
With joy for us all;
'Tis a joyous month, this October.



Windy.

Women, generally speaking, are generally speaking.

4. Mr. Cleaver accepts a position in the Terre Haute schools.
5. Mr. Wass arrives to take Mr. Cleaver's place.
6. Miss Mallory (in Geom. class): "What is space?"
Bob Loy: "I can't explain it, but got it in my head, all right."
8. "Labors of Hercules," No. II—To keep Mr. Coe's Ag. class quiet.
9. Football: Kentland vs. R. H. S. Score, 7 to 6 in our favor.
10. Valrie Hill in Mr. Dean's office patiently trying to write on the typewriter by the "Hunt System," held the keys down after striking them quite hard, with the consequent result of double letters. Not understanding, Valrie turns to Mr. Dean and remarks: "Say, this thing stutters."
12. (Continued from last month):
These are the "kids" so forlorn,
Who go to the school the city built.
(To be continued.)
13. Emmett Hollingsworth receives a satisfactory excuse for "Hunting the cow."
14. Election of officers of "The Webster Literary Society."
15. Election of officers of "The Lincoln Literary Society."
16. Football: Hammond vs. R. H. S. R. H. S. defeated, 46 to 0.
18. The German read: "Das ist ein Schaltjahr."
Arthur Thornton read: "Dar ist ein Salt jar."
19. "Chaos" Staff elected.



THE 1916 CHAOS

20. (Agricultural Botany) Mr. Coe: "What is meant by erosion?"
Delos York: "That's something connected with a volcano, ain't it?"
21. D. C.: "Vera, you are the breath of life to me."
Just then he held his breath.
22. Frank Hill "labors" three days this week, comes to school two.
25. Miss Leopold, thinking she is locked in, makes her escape through the east window.
27. Edwin Brusnahan playing with his transfer in Algebra class.
Miss Mallory: "Edwin, what have you there?"
Edwin: "My transfer."
Miss Mallory: "Haven't you turned that in, yet?"
What have you been coming to school on all this time.
Edwin (as quick as a flash): "My bicycle."
- 28, 29. Vacation. Teachers attend meeting of Teacher's Association at Indianapolis.



Sultry.



Bright.

NOVEMBER.

In November, on Thursday the last,
Our fathers so far in the past,
In well-ordered ranks
For blessings gave thanks,
And dined on a turkey repast.

What is a grass
widower?
A man whose wife
died of hay fever.



Bright and fair.

1. "Labors of Hercules," No. III—To understand what Mr. Swindler means by his own announcements.
2. Operetta cast chosen.
3. Practise for Operetta cast.
4. Senior class meeting.
6. Football: Watseka vs. R. H. S. R. H. S. victory, 3 to 6.
8. Sing a song of teachers, a pocket full of keys,
A hundred thousand worries, to annoy and vex and tease;
Grading, papers, notebooks, with grades that never please,
For Freshmen young and Seniors old—all get too many E's.
10. These are the teachers all so wise,
Who teach the "kids" so forlorn,
Who go to the school the city built.

(To be continued.)

RENSSELAER, INDIANA



Dull.



Yes, quite a change.



Close.



Colder.

To kiss a pretty
Junior is Faith,
To kiss a lovely
Senior is Hope,
But to kiss a "school
marm" is Charity."

11. Freshman class party held in the gymnasium.
12. Football: Logansport vs. R. H. S. R. H. S. lost.
15. Before attending a party be sure you are invited.
16. High School Assembly looks as if it were a Girls' Seminary. Where are the boys?
19. Sophomore class party at the home of Lenore Carr.
22. Senior class meeting.
- 25, 26. Thanksgiving vacation.
Football: Kirklin vs. R. H. S. Score, 7-7.

DECEMBER.

December, the month of vacation,
Observed all over the nation,
Brings presents galore
From Santa Claus' store;
For labor, an apt compensation.

1. Miss Stover to Operetta cast: "Please come to rehearsal dressed."
- 2, 3. The Operetta, "A Nautical Knot."
6. They that "flunk on Monday
Have Sunday night to blame;
They that "flunk" on Tuesday
Often use the same;
They that "flunk" on Wednesday
Are looking for excuse;
They that "flunk" on Thursday,
For them, it is no use;
But they that "flunk" on Friday
Are far beyond reclaim.
8. Literary program.
9. This is the principal who rolls his eyes,
Who watches the teachers all so wise,
Who teach the "kids" so forlorn.
Who go to the school the city built.
(To be continued.)
10. "Labors of Hercules," No. IV—To find a vacation long enough to suit all.
11. R. Lakin and F. Hill absent.
14. F. Hill gets white excuse, "Driving a mule to town."
R. Lakin gets pink excuse, "Helping F. Hill."
P. S.—Ross says he did all the work.
15. Mr. Swindler makes a few announcements. (In other words, a few "breaks.")

THE 1916 CHAOS



16. "Chaos" ways and means committee decide to sell sandwiches at the basketball games.
17. Basketball: Wheatfield vs. R. H. S.
20. Mr. Swindler (to his chemistry class): "My last year's class gave me a Christmas present."
21. Lincoln Literary Society gives a Christmas program.
22. "Merry Christmas."
"Thank you, same to you."
- 23—31. Vacation.

JANUARY.

This is the month of January,
When all of "exams" are quite wary;
To get "E" is bad,
But "N. P" is sad;
No longer in class may you tarry.



3. Senior class meeting.
6. "Labors of Hercules," No. V—To pass semester exams.
7. Basketball: Remington, 8; R. H. S., 47.
10. This is the superintendent, all shaven and shorn,
Who guards the principal
Who rolls his eyes,
Who watches the teachers all so wise,
Who teach the kids so forlorn,
Who go to the school the city built.
(To be continued.)



- 12, 13, 14. Semester examinations—
Commenced on Monday,
Continued on Tuesday,
Finished on Wednesday,
Graded on Thursday,
Recorded on Friday,
Notified on Saturday,
Regretted on Sunday.



17. Repeated on Monday—new semester.
21. Basketball at Lowell: Lowell, 29; R. H. S., 22.
22. Senior class meeting. Orders for class rings and pins.
25. Dr. Curnick addresses students.
26. Basketball at Monticello: Monticello, 37; R. H. S., 16.
28. Basketball: Brook, 28; R. H. S., 30.



Much brighter.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA

FEBRUARY.

In this fickle month, February,
Be bachelors not too contrary,
A maid, howe'er old,
By Leap Year made bold,
Has still a fair chance to marry.



All is well (for the present.)

1. Rev. McDaniels addresses students. Subject: "Genius."
2. Senior class meeting. Arrangements begun for Senior Reception.
4. Basketball, R. H. S. Gym: R. H. S.-Medaryville, ?
7. This is the wife, all attired and torn,
Who rules the superintendent, all shaven and shorn,
Who watches the teachers all so wise,
Who teach the "kids" so forlorn.
Who go to the school the city built.
(To be continued.)



Threatening.

8. Mr. Phillips entertains student body by a victrola concert.
9. "Labors of Hercules," No. VI—To make Seniors and faculty agree.
10. Senior class meeting: Senior Reception.
11. Senior class meeting: Senior Reception.
Basketball, R. H. S. Gym: R. H. S., 24; Lowell, 17.
14. Senior class meeting: Senior Reception.
15. Senior class meeting: Senior Reception.
16. Senior class meeting: No reception.
17. Lincoln Literary Society program.
18. *Reception.....,
Armory.....,
Rules.....,
Nothin' doin'.....
21. Early to bed and early to rise
Makes Seniors rested, yet "weary"—but "wise."
22. Senior class rings and pins distributed.
24. Lincoln-Webster Literary program.
26. Student Circus—Carnival—"Chaos" benefit.

General storm period.

Somewhat "clearer,"
but still unsettled.

*Doggone you, make your own rhyme—we can't.

MARCH.

So this is the blustery March;
 With "March" nothing rhymes but just "starch";
 Had we more time
 We might find a rhyme,
 But this must be "starch" rhymed with "March."



Wind and snow.

1. Basketball: Reynolds, 19; R. H. S., 15.
6. Gifford Railroad puts on a special so Clifford Spate can attend school on Mondays.
7. Literary program.
8. This is the school board all pompous and grand
 That with the help of the wife all tattered and torn,
 Hires the superintendent all shaven and shorn,
 Who guards the principal who rolls his eyes,
 Who watches the teachers all so wise,
 Who teach the kids so forlorn,
 Who go to the school the city built.

(To be continued.)

(This space is reserved for the picture of the Senior who gets "A" in deportment.



9. Local discussion contest; winner, Robert Reeves.
10. Bob Reeves, in discussion, "Municipal Home Rule": "What I want is reform; I want police reform; I want social reform; I want temperance reform; I want, I want—
 "What you want," called a listener, "is chloroform."
13. "Labors of Hercules," No. VII—Raising money for "Chaos."



Unsettled.

14. Piano recital, Miss Leopold.
20. Miss Mallory changes quarters on account of smallpox.
21. "Little Ray Fidler sits in a corner,
 Writing up "news" every day;
 He dips in his pen and writes out a gem,
 And in English pulls "A" so they say.



Still unsettled.

23. Mr. Coe and Mr. Rice change quarters on account of smallpox.
24. Senior class meeting.



Warmer.

27. Senior class play cast chosen.
28. Moving picture show, "The Man of the Hour."
 Proceeds for "Chaos."
29. All group pictures taken for "Chaos."
30. Pictures sent to engravers.

RENSELAER, INDIANA

APRIL.

April first is All Fools Day,
So chronicles of time do say;
Of some, 'tis true, we oft do hear
Who fools remain the entire year.

3. County discussion contest; oratorical tryout.
Discussion—Robert Reeves.
Oratorical—Maude Elder.

4. Six weeks exams.

Cloudy.

- 5, 6, 7. Spring vacation.

Brighter.

10. The sample of vacation was "swell."

11. "Labors of Hercules," No. VIII—Writing Senior themes.

12. This is the council that had the sand
To appoint the school board all pompous and grand,

That with the wife all tattered and torn,
Hires the superintendent all shaven and shorn,
Who guards the principal who rolls his eyes,
Who watches the teachers all so wise,
Who teach the "kids" so forlorn,
Who go to the school the city built.

(To be continued.)

9 a. m.—

"Ba, ba, black sheep,
Have you good excuse?"

Yes, sir; yes, sir,
was the artful ruse.
There spoke our truthful 'Booster,'
The boy who would not lie,
And got a 'white excuse'
From W. F. Kratil."

13. Lincoln Literary Society program—"R. H. S."

15. Track meet: Burnett's Creek vs. R. H. S.

18. Valrie Hill: "Miss Mallory, I am indebted to you
for all I know."
Miss M.: "Don't mention it—a mere trifle."

20. Webster Literary Society program—"Centennial."

24. "As ye sew, so shall ye rip"—Margaret B. working on graduation dress.

27. Recital, Alice Shedd Randle.

MAY.

At last comes this glorious May,
When Seniors, so chronicles say,
Go forth to meet strife
And everyday life,
Away from their school life so gay.

Probably rain.

6. Track meet: Delphi, Monticello and R. H. S.

THE 1916 CHAOS

7. Modern Latin—

Boyibus kissibus sweeti girlorum,
Girlibus likibus, wanti somorum,
Kissibus loudibus, waki poporum,
Kickibus boyibus outi front doorum,
Boyibus lightibus oni streetorum,
Wishibus seeibus girli nomorum.

9. "Labors of Hercules," No. IX—Editing "Chaos."

12. These are the people, to a man,
Who elected the council that had the sand,
To appoint the school board all pompous and grand,
Who, with the help of the wife all tattered and torn,
Hires the superintendent all shaven and shorn,
Who guards the principal who rolls his eyes,
Who watches the teachers all so wise,
Who teach the "kids" so forlorn,
Who go to the school the city built.

(To be continued.)

17. "Chaos" appears. "People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

18. St. Peter: "From where did you come?"

Student: "Rensselaer High School."

St. Peter: "Did you buy an annual?"

Student: "N-no-oo."

St. Peter: "Elevator down, two doors to the right."

19. Class night.

21. Baccalaureate services. Sermon by Rev. J. Budman Fleming.

- 22, 23. Class play.

24. Senior-Junior Banquet-Reception.

25. Commencement.

26. Alumni banquet. School closes.

DECIMAL SYSTEM.

10 words make 1 joke,

10 jokes make 1 humor department,

10 humor departments make one "weary."



Warmer.

Doubtful.

All sunshine and smiles.

The Song of the Bow

Those of you who attended the commencement exercises will undoubtedly remember "The Song of the Bow," which the boys' quartet tried to render. But this little tale is not concerned with the public appearance of this world-famed quartet, but with a practise held the Saturday before. Miss Stover, worried far beyond control, appeared upon the scene (which was the H. S. assembly) and ordered the boys to get down to work and "cut out" all foolishness. Whereupon the would-be singers enacted all the foolishness that they had ever heard of or tried. Of course our famous comedian (D. S. Curinck) was in the prime of his "funny" career. He first showed us (and Miss Stover) his finely developed acrobatic abilities and finally wound up sprawled out on the floor with a chair on top of him. But the climax which occasioned this little write-up was this: In the song you will remember, the words are something like this: "What of the men? The men were bred in England, the yeomen the bow-men the lads of dale and fell," etc. But Mr. Curinck sang as follows: "What of the men? The men were bred in England of true wood of yew wood, the wood of English bows."—Nuff said.

PINKY'S MASTERPIECE

I was born in Pennsylvtucky
Beside the Zeider Zee,
Of all the towns in Ireland
Jerusalem for me."

—Sung to the tune of "Any Old Thing."

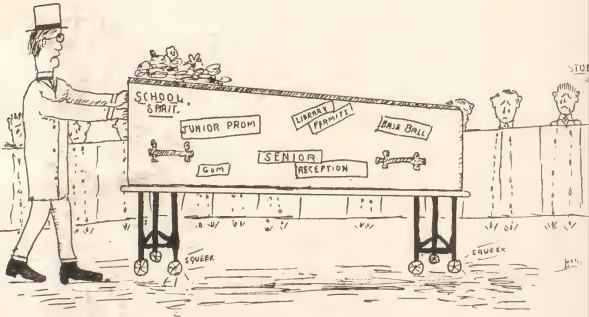
There's something rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hempshill wants to know if Ham went to McCoysburg would he be
a Hamburger?

If Dwight was Romeo and Vera Juliet, would Dwight have enough
money to pay for what Juliet?

Miss Mallory Has
Been Pensioned

STICKED TO THE MEMORY THOSE GONE ON



The Staff



Ruth Wood
Carl Eigelsbach
Gwendolyn Kannal
J. French Crooks
J. Elvyn Allman
Helen Leatherman
Victoria Marsh

THE 1916 CHAOS

Editor-in-Chief.....	J. Elvyn Allman
Business Manager	J. French Crooks
Literary Editor	Helen Leatherman
Assistant Literary Editor.....	Victoria Marsh
Athletic Editor	Carl F. Eigelsbach
Student Activities Editor	Ruth Wood
Daily Calendar Editor	Gwendolyn Kannal

Apology

We, the "Chaos" staff of 1916, hereby apologize for everything that may possibly be contrary to the wishes of the students and faculty of R. H. S. We have earnestly endeavored to exclude everything that is uncomplimentary and have tried to make this book pleasing to all. Realizing that there were many mistakes made, we beg you, kind reader, to overlook them as far as possible. We have labored under adverse conditions—conditions that were displeasing to us but which we could not remedy.

Much credit for this book must be given to Richard A. Rice, who was an invaluable aid not only to the Editor-in-Chief but to the entire staff.

We wish to extend to the "Chaos" staff of 1918 our sincere good wishes and desires for complete success and hope they will profit by the many mistakes we have made.

And so, as we leave dear old Rensselaer high School, we cannot help but feel a pang of regret, for some friendships formed in High School will undoubtedly be broken and lost from sight. In after years we are sure we will cherish fond memories of our High School careers and will see R. H. S. prosper and progress in all lines.



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